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Diamond

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"How long
can it last?"

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Diamond

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ESCAPES	2
LOST	4
NEWS BRIEFS	5
POLLY	6
MORTGAGE MANOR	10
THE CONTESTANTS	13
THE BIG DAY	15
HUMOUR	19
PROGRESS	20
POEM OF THE MONTH	25
THE EMPTY GLASS	26
SOIL SURVEY	30
SILVER SCREEN	31
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	32

TO OUR READERS...

The Diamond, much to everyone's surprise, has been published again, and is circulating throughout the world; the penitentiary world at least.

At the beginning of autumn when we were getting good and lazy, our foreign correspondent Lex Schrag had to go and spoil everything. We had asked Mr. Schrag for some information which he had difficulty in gathering. He was annoyed. He was so much annoyed, in fact, that he actually threatened us. Mr. Schrag informed us that the next time we desired this type of information, we would have to go out into the ranks of society and gather it ourselves. Imagine! Wanting us to go out there, and especially at this time of year. It was incredulous. We could not believe that Mr. Schrag could be such a heartless creature, but he was adamant and stuck by his guns. Well, what could we do? We were so greatly perturbed that we went right to work, hoping to amend the damage and gain a reprieve.

The following pages are the result of the work that Mr. Schrag pressured us into.

Hope you enjoy them.

ESCAPES

Such a disastrous development naturally invites public criticism, but the channels which such criticism has taken are malignant. The public, through the medium of newspapers, has ventured so far as to condemn the minimum security custodial system, which was recently introduced, and which is presently employed by some of the Federal Institutions. This system was initiated to fulfill the purpose of the correctional policy, which is to effect further rehabilitation of the inmate. This was a scientific experiment, and although it appears evident that some adjustments are required, the system itself should not be forsaken.

A majority of the public also opines that the greater portion of all inmates are either awaiting an opportunity to escape, or are assisting others to do so. This theory is a complete fallacy.

To corroborate our argument that neither the system, nor the inmates are responsible for the increase in the number of escapes, we would like to portray the two basic types of escapees; the methodical, and the impulsive.

The methodical escapee is usually a man serving a lengthy sentence. He is a man who is invariably considered, by penitentiary and court officials, to be an irredeemable, professional criminal. This type of criminal has a pre-meditated escape route, possibly with multiple variations. Every conceivable circumstance has been thoroughly considered, and are employed to the best advantage of the escapee. The methodical escapee might be dangerous, but only if he were confronted by some

The Department of Justice has been burdened with an overwhelming increase in the number of escapes from Federal Institutions, during the past year. This is especially evident in the Kingston area, where last year the total escape rate was twelve, while in September of this year it had already climbed to thirty-two.

unexpected circumstance which might endanger his plan.

The impulsive escapee could be attributed to many causes. He might be a person who is easily frustrated, and whenever he encounters a crisis that he feels incapable to cope with, he seeks a way to channel the ensuing frustration away from himself. If this person happens to be in a situation which affords an easy escape, he might channel the frustration from himself by literally running away from it. He is, in fact, escaping from himself.

Sometimes the impulsive escapee is affected by the warm weather, which activates an immeasurably intense nostalgia, or melancholia. These factors generate his impulses, and as a result the man runs off. There are numerous other reasons for escapes, most of which are simple enough to the sane person, but are burdensome barriers to the mentally deficient; reasons such as, a decrease in the number of letters from home, a desire to be initiated into or accepted by prison society, a need for recognition. Often the escape is a form of rebellion against authority.

The impulsive escapee is usually harmless, and in most situations, of sub-normal intelligence. The man is what we might term an opportunist, and it is impossible to anticipate when or why he might attempt an escape. The impulsive escapee is usually apprehended by penitentiary authorities within a few hours of his attempt. This type cannot be blamed upon any system. He can only be blamed upon himself; his own foolishness.

Escapees, of both categories, are nothing more than disillusioned, immature persons. The methodical escapee is attempting to serve his relationship with the prison, thinking all

the while that he can out-wit the law for the remainder of his life. These men do not seem to realize that sooner or later they will be apprehended, and that when they are apprehended, they will be given an additional sentence. The impulsive escapee is fleeing either from the weight of his problems, or for some infinitesimal, intangible reason.

These persons are not failures of any system. There is only one possible failure, and that is in the man himself. Although the man has been successful in escaping from authority, he is in effect pursuing further, the course of failure which his life has already embarked upon.

And what of inmates assisting escapees? Absurb! In the first place, the escapee does not trust his contemporaries for fear that one of them might divulge his plan to the authorities. In the second place, the inmates want no part of an escape scheme. Some of the younger delinquents, it is true, idolize the successful escapee, but the majority of the inmates realize that a successful escape is impossible, and scorn those who would attempt an escape. They recognize that if they are instrumental in assisting an escape, in any manner, they are liable to the same punishment as the escapee. Escape, to most inmates, is a futile effort, and inmates do not wish to destroy their lives by assisting another in the destruction of his.

All that the inmates ask of the prison authorities is that they be permitted to serve their time in peace.

What the inmates ask of the public is that they be judged as individuals and not as a group, especially as a group of maurauders or rioters or escapees.

LOST

LOST

LOST

When the Beaver Creek Correctional Camp was yet in its preliminary stages, when it was yet a growing child, three of its inmates became involved in an incident that should serve to promote a sympathetic public opinion toward the minimum security correctional system.

The three inmates, whose names we will not mention, wandered into the wooded area surrounding the camp proper in search of wild berries. Farther and farther they strayed into the woods.

When they had embarked upon their safari, it had already commenced to get dark, but they continued to gather berries, wandering farther from the camp all the while. The inmates were not worried because they knew that the count was not taken until midnight, so they had plenty of time to gather the berries and head for home.

The darkness thickened and the inmates began to trudge toward home. For what seemed to be miles and miles, the tardy trio trudged, not realizing that they were going in the wrong direction, and in reality were getting further away from the camp site. The inmates could not see the outline of the camp after their aimless wandering; all they could see was bush and tree. Finally the inmates decided that they were lost, and at this point, they began

to worry lest the administration should think that they had meandered away without intention of returning. If this had been the case, the inmates could have been long gone; they could have had a six hour head start on the authorities, but they were not planning an escape. They did not want a six hour head start on the authorities. All the inmates wanted was to return to the camp before they were missed and slated as escapees.

At length the trio noticed a farm house in a clearing. It was distant, but it was a hope. They proceeded hastily toward the farm house, hoping that they might find some one who could direct them to the camp.

The inmates walked to the farm house door and knocked. After several minutes, an elderly lady answered the door and needless to say, was surprised at being confronted by three inmates from a correctional institution.

The inmates politely explained who they were, and why they happened to be in that particular neck of the woods. They explained that they were lost; they were hoping that she might be able to direct them towards home. Thinking that they might already be slated as escapees, one of the inmates asked if they could use the lady's telephone. He explained that they wanted to phone the camp supervisor, let him know approximately where they were, and assure him that they had no thoughts of escaping.

The lady kindly consented. She allowed them the use of her telephone, and invited the inmates to come in out of the cool evening. The inmates reached the camp authorities on the phone, and after a short stay were picked up and returned to the camp site.

NEWS BRIEFS:

ACTIVITY

A great bustle of building activity can be observed in the Collin's Bay area. Inside the walls of the penitentiary, civilian contractors are erecting a two hundred and ninety thousand dollar structure which will eventually accommodate a combined auditorium-gymnasium and a new school and library department.

Outside the walls, in the immediate area, contractors are working on the new minimum security farm camp and an area warehouse. The farm camp will be partially independent of Collin's Bay. The latter will be the storage headquarters for the entire Kingston area which includes Kingston, Joyceville, Prison for Women, Calderwood, all the Correctional Camps, and of course, Collin's Bay.

CAMPS INITIATE WELFARE FUNDS:

The Beaver Creek Correctional Camp asked all the larger penitentiaries in the Kingston area for some financial assistance to enable them to initiate an inmate's welfare fund. The call for help was answered by Joyceville and Collin's Bay Institutions. Joyceville donated Twenty dollars to Beaver Creek, and Collin's Bay donated ten.

Deputy Warden Fred Smith stated that Collin's Bay would be responsible for any further donations to the other camps. Petawawa and the nearby farm camp, therefore, will receive their donations from Collin's Bay. Mr. Smith said that since the camps were satellites of Collin's Bay, we would not expect any of the other institutions to offer assistance.

RECORDS:

The inmates of Collin's Bay Penitentiary are deeply indebted to CKWS Radio and TV station for the many favours that it has done over the past years. Recently the station, which is a downtown Kingston affair, donated over one hundred records to the Collin's Bay radio room. These records are to be enjoyed by the entire population of Collin's Bay.

All the records were recent hits by top artists in the recording business. The inmates certainly appreciate the generosity of CKWS. It is not everyone who would lend a helping hand, especially to someone who can't very well do you a favour in return.

The Richardson family appeared quite normal. George, the husband, was gainfully employed as a machinist. Gertrude, the wife, kept a clean house and did all the little things a modern wife is expected to do. She played bridge, for example.

The Richardsons begat three sons. Two were married and out of contact with the family. But the youngest, Dick, still lived at home. He was a pleasant sort of chap on the surface, but being human — and I don't think we'll debate that point — he did have a flaw or two in his personality. George, however, has been known to phrase this just a little differently, but no matter.

There were certain things that Dick enjoyed more than others. For example, he liked drinking and chasing women — all kinds of women. He did not like working, but Gertrude said this was normal for a boy Dick's age. George said he was a lazy bum. He actually said much more than that whenever the lad borrowed money from him, but as long as no one bothered his pride and joy, he would usually give.

His pride and joy? Polly, the parrot.

As I have mentioned, Gertrude kept a clean house. It was also an efficient house. Promptly at five each evening, supper was ready. Inevitably, George would ask: "Is *it* home yet?" His voice was naturally harsh.

And Gertrude, she would flash a harmless little smile, and reply: "Not yet, dear. But I'm sure he won't be long." This never really satisfied him, but she didn't know what else to say.

As the small hand on the kitchen clock neared six, George would begin tearing into a string of off-coloured adjectives that never failed to make Gertrude blush.



by
Jim Birnstihl

POLLY

"George! After all, he is your own son," would be her timid rejoinder.

He would give her a sick little look, then add, almost as an afterthought: "If I didn't know you to be an honest woman, Gertie, I'd call you a damn liar."

So went a typical evening at the Richardson house.

The incident began on a hot July afternoon. As usual, George and his wife were waiting for "the lost one", as George liked to call him. The preliminary remarks, as I have noted earlier, had already been made, and with great embellishment.

"You quit picking on that boy," Gertrude shot back after some particularly nasty remark. "If you were half as concerned with Dick as you are with that silly bird, he probably would come home nights." This was the first time in longer than George cared to remember that his wife had raised her voice.

"Polly has a brain, that's why," was his mumbled reply.

Later that evening, George picked up the conversation. "That no good son of *yours* has been bothering Polly again." With that, the bird let out a terrible screech. "Just the other night I heard him shaking the cage. I tell you Gertie, if I ever catch him bothering this poor creature," and here he pointed toward the cage, "I'll tear him into little pieces. I promise you I will." George was hollering by then, and with Gertrude trying to calm him and the bird screaming every few seconds, the neighbours enjoyed a fine little scrap.

Dick did not get home again that night.

The pressure built from that point.

Dick continued to torment Polly whenever the opportunity arose, and George unable to apprehend the culprit, grew more sullen with each passing day. Gertrude started to pray.

It was about a week later that she thought Dick had finally come face to face with his moment of truth. To begin with, he slammed the door hard when he came in, and this woke George. Grunting, and only half awake at the time, he rolled out of bed and began pulling on his robe.

"George! Get back to bed this minute," Gertrude said, in a voice that intended to command, but fell a measure short.

"If he bothers Polly I'll have him," he said sharply, but mostly to himself. The tone of his voice confirmed Gertrude's worst fears. She got up.

When they reached the bottom of the landing they stopped. They could make out a figure hovering over Polly's cage. *It* was visibly drunk.

"George," Gertrude whispered, "I think he's sick."

"Be a damn sight sicker if he touches my bird," he said in a low voice.

Dick was intent upon his task, whatever it was, and he did not see his parents. "Lousy bird," he suddenly yelled.

The cautious pair were taken aback with the unexpected noise.

"I know what you need," Dick mumbled, mostly to himself. "You need a drink. . . Too damn quiet. That's what's wrong with you."

With that, he produced a bottle from his hip pocket. As he unscrewed the top, Gertrude sensed the impending danger and grabbed George's arm.

Dick held the bottle at arm's length

and chuckled. "Best one I ever pulled on you — or the old man, for that matter. Boy, he'd go nuts, wouldn't he, Polly? Hell, both of you are nuts anyway. Only thing, can't figure out who's nuttier, you or him." Dick stopped long enough to take a good pull from the bottle, then he started again.

"Well, bird, you gonna start holler-ing and wake the place up again?" He paused for a moment. "Not talking, eh? Well this will put a little life into you." Dick was giggling a drunken little giggle.

George had not moved a hair and Gertrude still held his arm. She was afraid to look at him.

Dick, still chuckling, took the bottle and poured the entire contents over Polly's head.

"Be the drunkest damn bird in town . . ." was all Gertrude could hear over the unearthly din of squawks, wildly flapping wings and Dick's laughter. But even before the parrot's rage subsided, Dick realized just what he had done. He realized, in fact, that he had just wasted about twenty ounces of the best rye whiskey available. He cursed the bird soundly for this loss.

Gertrude, expecting infanticide at the very least, was completely shaken when George turned, and without a word, quickly mounted the stairs. She followed him, thankful for all miracles — large and small.

When George returned home from work the next evening, he was particularly pleasant.

"Gertie, I've been giving a lot of thought to that boy of ours," he said, after voicing several pleasantries.

"Good heavens, here it comes," she thought.

"I've decided to be a better father

to him. I'm going to start giving him some of my time. You know, that episode last night even had a humourous side — when you think on it," he added as an after-thought.

"Oh, it certainly was, George. And you just have no idea how happy all this makes me. To think of you and Dick: together. Well, I can hardly believe it."

She carried on like this for some time, until George just could not stand it any longer. "You're pressing your luck," he thought, as he headed for the seclusion of his cellar.

The very next evening he and Dick went to a ball game. A week later I saw them having a beer at Haties' Bar, after the fights. Just what was said on these outings, I don't know — and nor do you — but some rapport was definitely established. Even Polly seemed to enjoy the affair. True, George was spending less time with him, but then, Dick did not bother him. So the two seemed to somehow balance things out.

For some unknown reason, the friendship did not bloom like Gertrude might have wished. So it was with something less than surprise that she heard her son stumble home drunk again one evening. Her only wish was that George would not be disturbed by the noise he was making.

Dick went straight to the parrot's cage. "Well, where's your old man now?" was his opener. Poor, dumb Polly just looked at him. "Thought you were being smart not talking, if that's what *he* calls that noise you make, when I'm around. Well, I'm going to fix you tonight. Yes sir, and I remember that bottle of rye you made me waste," he rationalized, "so we'll just even up for that, too."

He immediately began fumbling with the catch on the door. "Gonna play a game with you, Polly," he said, as he worked the device. After a few moments he opened the door. Smiling, he stuck his hand into the cage. He had done this many times before: grab the bird by the neck and hang on. The parrot was helpless in such a position. But Polly had played this game before. He came off his perch like a shot. With one quick movement, he sunk his beak deeply into Dick's hand.

The scream could be heard — so George said — a city block away.

In that moment of pain and blind rage it happened. Dick grabbed Polly by the neck and violently threw him to the floor.

Polly bounced twice, then lay dead still.

The total effect was quite sobering. "My God! I've killed his bird!"

He paused only long enough to consider the consequences of the foul deed. He shuddered, then quickly left the house.

Gertrude could not suppress a tear or two at Sunday dinner, just three years after Dick's mysterious disappearance. But accustomed as he was to her tearful complaints, George was forced to leave the table and sit in the living room.

Sitting on the couch, it was with a satisfied voice that he said, "Well, Polly, three years today... three years. Let's just hope we can get by another set like that without him showing." He was silent for a moment as he scratched the bird's neck.

"Yes sir, like I always said, you're the smartest bird I've ever seen. It would have taken me at least a year to teach a dog to play possum like that."

MORTGAGE

MANOR

Suburbia, Ontario,
Blue Monday.

Editor,
The Diamond,
Collin's Bay.

Dear Boss, Sir, you (!?&?!é):

Next time you give me an assignment like that last one, you can come on out here and do it yourself!

Remember? You asked for a story on what makes the difference between the boys who land in the jug and the ones who don't. Man, that was a dilly!

I started making the rounds of the magistrates and lawyers and so forth. One magistrate scared the hell out of me. Made an appointment to see me at his office and when I walked in, innocent as a hood on bail, he started chewing me out. Gave me a real scraping.

Turned out he thought I was a customer who was trying to beat some sort of rap. I didn't try to get anything for The Diamond out of that lad, believe me. I shoved off while I was still breathing.

The other magistrates I talked to did some polite buck-passing, and all the mouthpieces I tried to reach were out of town on vacation. So I was just about ready to give up when I got onto a guy who was willing to talk. He didn't want his name in the magazine. He's a sort of odd-ball: part priest, part copper, part lawyer. Couple of other parts, I guess, but I'm not sure what they are. Struck me as a good type, though.

"Look," he said, "let's switch this thing around. I get tired of yapping about what puts the boys in pokey. Let's talk about what keeps them out, for a change."

"Okay," I said, "it's your breath."

"You can put the whole deal in one word," he told me. "Love."

"Well, thanks, doc," I said, hauling myself out of the chair. "This is for The Diamond, y' know, and stuff like that will get off the ground like a lead balloon. Thanks anyway."

"Siddown, you fat slob," he growled. "You got nothing else to do, so you might as well listen to this, like it or not."

"This word 'love'," he went on, "covers a whole lot of emotions. Most you hear about it, these days, is from jerks moaning about it in rock 'n' roll rhythm."

"That," said the guy, "isn't love at all. That's just a sort of glandular disease."

"What I'm talking about takes in respect, liking, devotion, loyalty and a whole lot more."

"In fact, you might say it's Christianity."

"Look, doc," I broke in, "I got a date I gotta keep —."

"Ah, clam up," he told me. "You're a poor liar. You're gonna listen to this if I hafta sit on you."

"The kind of love that keeps boys out of the brig comes first of all from their parents," he explained.

"Parents who really love their kids train them to respect the law and each other. They give them as good educations as they can afford. They teach them that love is a two-way proposition."

"You show me a joker who loves other people—or likes them, or respects them, or whatever you want to call it, and you'll find he's never been in any danger of landing behind bars," said this guy.

"Well," I said, "a few of the boys behind those cold, stone walls got there because they put the snatch on a few items for their wives or girl friends."

"You get right down to it," he replied, "and you'll find that wasn't really love. Those lads were just trying to make big wheels of themselves without working. And I wouldn't be surprised that the girls for whom these jerks went wrong would far rather have had their men with them than any of the things the men were trying to give them."

"It's simple," he said. "If you respect other people, you won't try to take anything from them without giving them full value in return.

"If another chap needs help, you'll give it to him. This ties in with a sort of self-love, or self-respect — whatever you want to call it."

"Maybe it makes you feel big to belt somebody in the teeth. As sure as you do that, the lad you belted is going to try and get his own back. Besides, some other cluck with the same ideas you have is apt to belt YOU in the teeth, just to prove HE's really hard."

"It works better the other way. You do something good for a guy, you don't need to put it around—people will find out. And they'll be ready to do something for you when you need it."

"Furthermore, it seems to me you have to love your country. Maybe things aren't perfect, but they're one hell of a lot better than they used to be. Wasn't so long ago they hung starving youngsters for stealing a loaf of bread."

"You're hungry, now, you can always get something to eat. It won't be breast of guinea hen under glass, or caviar, but you won't go hungry."

"Now," said this odd-ball, "if you have the wit to love your country, you'll keep its laws. Remember, if you don't like the laws, you can change them — if you have the guts."

"Now," he wound up, "you can beetle off. If you haven't got the drift of what I've said, you're even duller than you look. But next time you feel like belting somebody for crossing you up, simmer down. Think the thing over from the other guy's angle. Try to love him. Lord knows, it may be hard, but try. And if you do anything like a decent job of it, you'll be happier about yourself—little though you may have to be happy about — and you'll have less chance of winding up in the dock, pleading 'not guilty'."

Now you can see, Boss, there's no story in this. Sorry I fell down on the assignment, but maybe I can get something out of the lawyers after the summer holidays.

Your Toronto Correspondent

Lex Schrag

Berlin has developed into a major focal point or critical play in the strife between socialism and communism. The world's eyes are constantly peering at the contest which takes place, not necessarily in Berlin, but over, above and about it.

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The main contestants in this vital match, of course, are Sam the sturdy champion of democracy, and Oshkabobolov the bold upholder of communism.

The two irate arguers have encountered various critical situations previously, however, so they are capable of coping with this one.

Sam enters the conference room looking very weary. He has been disputing with Oskabobolov for three days and begins to realize that he is making little or no headway. He yawns and kicks his feet up onto the table, waiting for his worthy opponent.

Oshkabobolov appears in a minute. He rushes in wildly, full of vogour, ready for any proposal. He waits; he looks at Sam; he sneers. Finally he can stand the tension no longer. "Well!" he screams.

Sam looks up. "Hm," he smiles.

"What are you waiting for," screams the dishevelled Oshkabobolov. "Argue!"

"Quiet," retorts Sam, "I'm thinking."

"Sorry," replies Oshkabobolov meekly, "but why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"Look, never mind that just yet," says Sam. "I've created an idea." He paused and looked up at his opponent. "We can't decide what we're going to do about Berlin. Is that right?"

"Right," storms Oshkabobolov. "I knew we could solve it. That's the best idea you've had all week."

"NO, no, no," replies Sam disgustedly, "that's not the idea I was telling you about."

"It wasn't?" asks Oshkabobolov, at this point mildly astonished.

Sam shakes his head in a negative gesture. "I was thinking that we need some excitement and I know just the gimmick to get it," he smiles wryly.

"You do?" asks Oshkabobolov, now very much astonished.

"Certainly," says Sam waving his hand ostentatiously. "You don't want Berlin and we don't particularly want it, but it has its uses."

"It does?" ventures Oshkabobolov in complete bewilderment.

Sam ignores him. "Berlin serves as a great stage for the world, and we are its players. Up to this point we have not been very exciting players but we will remedy this situation immediately; that is if you will agree."

"Oh! I will. Most definitely," says Oshkabobolov, rubbing his hands in delightful anticipation. "Anything is better than this."

"Good!" cries Sam. "Now," he commences to explain, "in the past we have argued and argued and argued. . . and it has never done us any good. In the future, we will resort to threats. This probably won't do us any good either, but just think of the prestige. Think of the excitement."

"Yes, how exciting," exclaims Oshkabobolov. "when can we begin?"

"That's another thing. Since it was my idea, I claim the right to issue the first threat. Is it agreed?"

"Sam," declares Oshkabobolov, "you're a genius."

At this point, both champions exit from the conference chambers. They prepare to leave for their respective homelands. Both are eager to commence the "war of nerves". Both are satisfied with their decision. Their egos are satisfied; their job is done. They are true diplomats.

In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, where God has not.

Joaquin Miller.

FIELD DAY:

THE BIG DAY



by

Ed Emsley

The annual field day at Collin's Bay Penitentiary was a well organized, enjoyable holiday. It was a total success.

Field day could not have been a success, however, without the unselfish efforts of the kitchen staff, who voluntarily relinquished their right to participate in the day's events while they prepared a luncheon for those of us who did.

A skeleton crew from the kitchen laboured from ten o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon. They laboured beneath a hot sun, and above an even hotter stove, but they bore no resentment. They went about their work cheerfully, and with a measure of pride.

Piping hot hamburgers on the bun, quite a delicacy after one has dwelled

within the walls for any length of time, were as good, if not better than those that one might buy at a carnival or county fair. Each inmate was allotted two white tickets with which to purchase hamburgers. This method of feeding was instituted to avoid a long line up, and it allowed the inmates to eat whenever they got the urge. Although the majority of our inhabitants are of grouchy temperament, there were no complaints lodged against the tastiness of the hamburgers. Everyone seemed satisfied, and some inmates attempted to wheedle extra portions. Milk was the only beverage served, but inmates were permitted as much of this as they could drink.

Prior to the *Big Day*, Deputy Warden Fred Smith called eight men representative of the inmate population into a conference. Also present at this conference was the three man inmate recreational committee, Assistant Deputy Warden William Westlake, and Acting Public Relations Officer Hub Macey. The conference was assembled to discuss the possibility of improving the programme for field day. After listening to the inmates' idea of field day and what it should be comprised of, Mr. Smith directed the committee to spend some extra money, and to add more events to the programme; especially those type of events that would hold spectator interest. "After all," said Mr. Smith, "field day is for the benefit of all the inmates. It only comes once a year, so let's make it a success."

As a result of the conference with Mr. Smith, four extra events were added to the field day programme, all of which were lively, humorous contests which the spectator, as well as the competing athlete could enjoy.

Another result of the conference was the addition of ice cream to our diet for the day. At the evening meal, the inmate recreational committee stood by the feeding wicket where they handed out one half brick of ice cream to each inmate. The ice cream was bought by the committee with funds from the inmate welfare fund.

The ice cream, however, was secondary compared to the delicious beast that adorned our supper tray. There, before our eyes, believe it or not, was a chicken; a real, juicy, well cooked chicken. It certainly was a satisfying supper, and as a matter of fact, it was a satisfying day, all of which goes to

show that you don't necessarily have to be an athlete to enjoy a field day.

The athletic portion of Collin's Bay Penitentiary's annual field day was also a great boost to the inmates' morale, and certainly not to be excluded from recognition. The proceedings were well organized and executed with clockwork precision. There were custodial officers present on the athletic field, but they left the responsibility of managing the events to the appointed officials.

The chief officials for the day was Acting Public Relations Officer Hub Macey, who, along with the inmate committee, kept the events moving along smoothly. There was always excitement to be found on some part of the field, and the spectator interest was never lost.

The events were of two varieties; athletic and novelty. The latter were introduced to keep the interest of the spectator, and they did this job well.

ATHLETIC EVENTS:

The most exciting of the athletic events were the one hundred yard dash, the discus throw, the high jump, and the mile race.

The hundred yard dash was a very swift paced sprint, which was won by Cecil Reddick. Cecil ran well and just barely finished in front of the second place charger, Jimmy Armour. With these two fellows running, it was a neck to neck race, decided right at the wire. The third position went to Don Erwin who was not quite up to the fantastic pace set by Reddick and Armour.

The discus throw gathered a large crowd of spectators who watched Ernie Coates hurl the spinning saucer one hundred and five feet to capture the honours. Although multiple myriads of contestants entertained the spectators by transforming themselves into dervishes, no one could out-distance the throw made by Coates. Sam Cleveland placed second in this event, and John Grabouski placed third.

In the highlight at the high jump pit, it was Danny Potter who displayed the finest jumping skill. Worried somewhat by the entrance of last years high jump winner, Danny put the fear behind him and outjumped them all.



DON

McARTHEY

The main attraction; the big show was the mile race. When this event was announced, everyone automatically became an avid spectator. The mile race was won by D. McCarty. A great surprise to the entrants and spectators alike, McCarty picked up a great burst of speed near the end of the race and forged ahead of Danny Potter, who up until the final hundred yards had been leading the entire field. Danny Potter ran second, just feet behind the sprinting victor. Thorsteinson was third. The time for the mile was five minutes and fifty two seconds.

NOVELTIES

The novelty events were interspersed with the athletic events, and served the purpose of adding colour and variety to the proceedings. These events were, for the most part, humorous. Novelty highlights were the obstacle race and the piggy-back fight.

Participants in the obstacle race were compelled to skip through a series of automobile tires, crawl through labyrinth-like tunnels of tightly packed hay, crawl through two corrugated steel barrels, and finally climb a twenty five foot rope. The event was rather amusing, as inmates got lost in the tunnels, stuck in the barrels, and tripped over the tires. The greatest humiliation occurred when various inmates rushed through all the preliminary obstacles, and then had no energy left to climb the rope. The winners of this event were Whiting first, Holdich second, and Hepburn third.

The piggy-back fight was another humorous event. Teams of contestants clung to other contestants, tugging, pulling and spinning in attempts to afford their opponents a fall. Frequently horse and rider fell over backwards, or forwards without ever being bumped. In this event, nobody really cared who won: they were all having a great deal of fun, and this was the main thing. The winners, however, might challenge us to a piggy-back duel if we don't mention their names, so we'll tell you that Thorne and Russell were the winners and that Reddick and Coates were second.

Both athletic and novelty events were a great success, but there was also another variation of sport which was enjoyed by the inmates; the Mathieu midway. A part of the athletic field manifested many of the characteristics of a carnival midway, where there were three gaming booths. Each inmate was allotted eight tickets. These constituted the currency required to play the midway games. The games available were roulette, dart throwing, and ball throwing (at milk bottles). The prizes for these games were not tremendous, but they were free, and many inmates would agree that it was a lot of fun playing the games, even if you didn't win anything.

All in all, field day was a shining success. There were many winning athletes and many more losing athletes, but they were all successful because they played the game well. And to quote the famous verse of Grantland Rice, "For when that one great scorer comes to mark against your name, he marks not that you won or lost, but how you played the game."

The fine sportsmanship displayed by the contestants was one of the main reasons why our field day was a success. Field day was a special day, held for the specific benefit of the inmates, and in this case, made enjoyable by the inmates.

KNOW ANY SPORTS?

Below in the left hand column, you will find nicknames for famous personalities in the sporting world. In the right hand column you can find their legitimate names. The idea of this little quiz, is to connect the nicknames with the personality to whom it belongs.

- 1 Georgia Peach
- 2 Brown Bomber
- 3 Stratford Streak
- 4 Bantam
- 5 Big Six
- 6 Crazylegs
- 7 Old Poison
- 8 Special Delivery
- 9 The Big Train
- 10 Iron Man

- a Ben Hogan
- b Elroy Hirsch
- c Lou Gehrig
- d Joe Louis
- e Edgar Jones
- f Ty Cobb
- g Lionel Conacher
- h Nels Stewart
- i Christy Mathewson
- j Howie Morenz

Answers: 1-f, 2-d, 3-j, 4-a, 5-l, 6-b, 7-h, 8-e, 9-g, 10-c.



H U M O U R



A man appeared at a newspaper office to place an add offering \$100 for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"That's an awfully high price for a cat," the clerk ventured.

"Not for this one," replied the man, "I drowned it."

A very stern policeman apprehended a noisy drunk. The drunk completely ignored the policeman, which prompted the officer to ask, "say fellow, do you know who I am?"

"No," replied the drunk, "can't say as I do, but if you tell me where you live I'll help you get home."

The doctor came out of the sickroom to face the anxious husband. "Frankly," said the doc, "I don't like the way your wife looks." "Neither do I," replied the husband, "but at least you're not married to her."

The judge pounded his gavel for the court to come to order, then turned to the woman in the witness box.

"The witness will please state her age," he ordered, "after which she will be sworn in."

The man put his key into the door at 3 a.m. in the morning. He was surprised to find his wife waiting up for him, with a angry fire in her eyes.

"I suppose you've been holding a sick friend's hand all night," she asked sarcastically.

"My dear," he replied, "if I'd been holding his hand, I'd have won enough to buy you a mink coat."

Two hipsters were standing in front of a bar when a martian suddenly stepped up to them. He was dressed in plastic hat, green pointed shoes, a red shirt, and purple phosphorescent gloves.

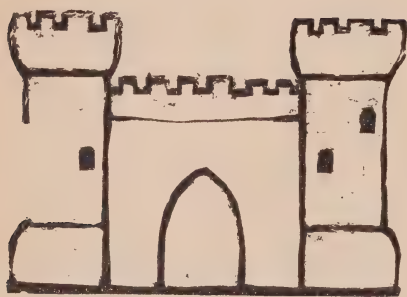
"Take me to your leader," he demanded.

"Never mind that jazz," one of the hipsters said, "take us to your tailor."

A drinker and his non drinking wife were at a party. The husband was well under the weather, and the couple were about to leave when the host ran up to them and protested their leaving without a final toast. The wife was finally persuaded to accept a drink which she drank when the toast was proposed. She choked and gasped, finally managing to say, "Why that tastes terrible."

Her husband immediately turned to her and said, "and all these years you've been accusing me of having a good time."

PROGRESS



During the past two decades extensive research in the field of penology has been effected. It was discovered through this research, that while other institutions were progressing at a rapid pace, penology, for more than a century, had retained a stagnant existence; the result being that many penal institutions were relics of the thinking and attitudes of the eighteenth century. At this time, it was considered that confinement and punishment were the best measures that could be employed to effect the reformation of a criminal offender.

Recently, however, the Department of Justice has placed much stress on

resocialization programmes in federal institutions, but it was suggested that such programmes could not be successful without complementary treatment, training and readjustment programmes. The most significant programme in the past has been the training programme, which includes vocational and academic courses. This type of programme is intended to prepare the offender for a respectable place in society upon his release.

Surveys among inmates have determined that the majority of criminal offenders and especially recidivists are generally obedient to the call of their criminal tendencies because they are acquainted with no other stable means of livelihood. Any normal, average human being does not desire to spend his years in jail, nor does a one time offender wish to return to jail. But they do return; they return because they were released from a correctional institution with a meagre sum of money and little or no knowledge which might assist them in obtaining employment; they were confronted by an indifferent society or, as happens in many situations, they were scorned because of their past. Many of these people present themselves with an alternative; to steal or starve.

The penal system in Canada, therefore, was in dire need of reform within the medium of labour supervision, as it was discovered that the outmoded system of a few years ago was a greater producer of criminals than it was deterrent to crime.

At this point, the planning of major penal reforms commenced, and once on the way, has never ceased. Even at present reforms are being planned far into the future.

Present day resocialization methods are perhaps best illustrated at Collin's Bay Penitentiary which has evolved into a treatment and training centre for youthful offenders. The combined treatment-training programme currently employed at Collin's Bay has been proven successful by the number of ex-inmates who have remodelled themselves into competent and legitimate citizens as compared with the low recidivist rate.

Progress in Canadian Penology is especially evident at Collin's Bay. The inmates of this institution are offered vocational guidance and training by licensed instructors. The vocational or trades training courses available at Collin's Bay are the foremost in the Canadian penal circuit and are as good, if not better than many government financed technical schools.

Academic study is also encouraged at Collin's Bay, and for the more ambitious men, correspondence courses from nearby Queen's University are available at no charge.

In addition to vocational and academic training there is a yearly human relations course, weekly alcoholics anonymous discussions, and psychological therapy treatment. Anyone requesting psychological assistance may undergo personal treatment with Dr. Scott, or enroll in the group therapy meetings directed by Dr. Wager.

Prison reforms could have stopped at this point. They had encountered obvious success and might have reasoned that they had done what was asked of them. They did not, however, because they still recognized that there was something missing — the readjustment programme.

The readjustment programme is a very recent innovation to the penal

system. Pre-release was the first step toward readjustment. This step was instituted to permit inmates to go out into society previous to their release and accustom themselves to the atmosphere of freedom. Under this system, the inmate would be issued with civilian clothing, leave the prison in the morning unescorted and return the same evening. A very significant step toward gradual readjustment, pre-release of of this type has only one drawback; it does not permit enough inmates to participate.

This year, however, two significant changes which will have a great bearing on resocialization were effected. The seven hour working day was instituted to accustom inmates of correctional institutions to working conditions as they are, at present, in the outside world. Another change was the increase in the remuneration system, which, it is hoped, will enable a man to finance his requirements upon release with a minimum of difficulty.

Even with these changes the system was unable to function adequately. It requires the equivalent of a gradual readjustment centre. For an inmate who has spent any amount of time in an institution it is extremely difficult for him to become accustomed to the living and working conditions as they appear in a free society.

As it was stated by the warden of Haney Correctional Institution in Haney, British Columbia, "Too often we remove from society an individual who has a problem — we place him in an unnatural setting with little, or no opportunity to make decisions for himself — we give him companions that he would never, in all probability, meet on the street — and then, after a considerable period of time, we expect the

National Parole Board or, more specifically, the John Howard Society to work some sort of miracle and adjust him to society's standards. It has been said that the traditional prison meant denial and disapproval. We know, as well as many others knew, that prisons have a great ability to produce, at the worst, aggression, and at best, a demoralizing depression."

With this in mind, it can be plainly seen why something similar to readjustment centres were required.

The inauguration of the correctional camp was effected to remedy the missing link in the system. At the present time two correctional camps are in operation; at Beaver Creek and Petawawa, Ontario; a third is under construction outside the walls of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, which, incidentally, is the parent institution or headquarters for the camps in Ontario.

The correctional camps will play significant roles in the present and future of Canadian Penology. They will act as a medium for public relations, with the result that society will have the opportunity to see inmates as normal human structures, much like anyone else. These correctional camps should create favorable public opinion, and should clear up rumours of mistreatment which from time to time are circulated in newspapers.

It is one intention of the correctional camp to enlighten the public as to the activities of the inmate, but the most important objective is in the gradual breaking away from the penal attitudes of the past, especially by extricating the better behaved inmate who has a good potentiality for reform, from the drab, monotonous life that exists behind prison walls.

BEAVER CREEK

Beaver Creek Correctional Camp: The Beaver Creek Correctional Camp, situated seven miles north of Gravenhurst, Ontario, was the first camp of this type to open in Ontario. The camp takes up a three hundred and twenty four acre plot, sixty percent of which is wooded, the remainder meadow. This plot was formerly occupied by the Norwegian Air Force during World War Two. Beaver Creek has been functioning for several months now, and was originally instituted to close the gap in the readjustment programme, while also serving as a goal for the better behaved inmates to aim at.

A satellite camp with Collin's Bay as the parent institution, Beaver Creek operates on a minimum security basis which means that the inmates live under a very relaxed supervisional policy.



FRONT VIEW OF LODGE

The initial force of inmates transferred to Beaver Creek from Collin's Bay acted as a preparation squad, repairing grounds and living quarters for the eventual capacity, which should be approximately one hundred.

The labour at Beaver Creek differs profusely. Some inmates are assigned to tasks at which they are proficient, others work at general house and land cleaning, while still others work side by side with civilian tradesmen. Eventually, however, the inmates will be employed at reforestation, bush clearing, fire fighting and general road repairs. It is hoped that some time in the near future a form of industry will afford employment for the inmates. The men work a full eight hour day, but they are left alone with an assigned task and can complete this in their own time. Reports are that all inmates are living up to the expectations of the area selection board, which is responsible for the transferring of inmates.

Many additional privileges are accorded to the inhabitants of Beaver Creek, including the extension of the evening recreational programme, with the result that television may be watched until eleven o'clock on week days, and until after the late movie on the week ends. Baseball teams from the immediate area are invited into the camp to participate in games with the inmates, and on these occasions, civilian spectators are welcome. Swimming privileges are permitted by the camp officials, and the inmates are allowed to range throughout the camp area, which extends for two miles in each direction. The inmates dwell in a lodge type building with thirteen men to a converted dormitory. Inmates enjoy these,



SIDE VIEW OF LODGE

and numerous other privileges in the correctional camp, but it must be remembered that these inmates have earned the right to enjoy these privileges by good work, conduct and attitude while serving under maximum security systems in other institutions.

Petawawa Correctional Camp. As yet, we have very little information available about the camp at Petawawa, Ontario. Basically it will be the same as Beaver Creek, except that the first group of inmates that embarked for Petawawa will live in a fleet of trailers, until permanent living accommodations are made available. This camp will do the same type of work that is being done at Beaver Creek,

and the inmates will enjoy the same privileges.

Farm Camp. Outside the walls of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, a third camp is being erected. This camp will be the headquarters for the inmate farm workers, and also for any inmate labour gangs who are assigned to work outside the walls of the penitentiary. The Farm Camp will be governed along the same lines as the other two camps. The work is a little different but the basic reasons are the same.

These camps constitute the nucleus of the new policy of resocializing the offender, stamping out the crime rather than punishing the offender. The camps are still in their preliminary stages and success or failure can not be determined.

Beaver Creek, Petawawa, and the Farm camp perhaps will be the predecessors of bigger and better things towards the resocialization of the offender, but these, in themselves, are modern, scientific experiments borne of a principle. The ultimate reason for the creation of these camps should never be forgotten, and that is; to take inmates, at every practical opportunity, out into a closer association with society, for this is the world to which they will someday return; and it is a world from which they should never be entirely divorced.

Poem of the month

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same.

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost

A tingling crash! The goblet of wine slipped from Lucy Beal's nervous fingers, smashing and splattering upon the floor where it formed a wierd, bloody pattern. The incident temporarily shoeked Lucy, leaving her in a state of strange, immobile hypnosis. She stood transfixed by the intricate mess of broken glass, and splashes of blood red wine.

THE

After carefully considering the situation, Lucy moved deliberately; slowly, cautiously stooping to pick up the larger fragments of glass. She lifted the glass with her left hand and placed it carefully in the palm of her right.

EMPTY

When the larger pieces were removed, she crept warily to the kitchen, where she deposited the jagged pieces in the garbage recepticle. Then, opening the broom closet, Lucy took a whisk and cleaning rag, and proceeded to creep back into the living room, where she cleaned the floor thoroughly, thinking all the while that Joe would be angry

GLASS

with her if he were to find out about her blunder. Joe was really a good man. He never made mistakes like she did. If Joe had been here, he would know what to do immediately. It certainly didn't take Joe long to decide what must or must not be done under any circumstances.



by
Peter
Madden

Ten minutes later, the floor was waxed. Soon it would be polished. There was no sign that anything had ever been spilled. The entire interior of the house was spotless. Joe would never know, and even if he did, he would no longer care. He was growing tired of her, she knew. Oh, how she had grown

to hate him lately.

Lucy and Joe had been married for six years, of which two and one half had been more than burdensome, to say the least. They had no children, and could not have any, which only aggravated the tension in the family. Joe was running around with other women, Lucy knew. She had no proof of this, nor had she ever heard any rumours. But that was just it! Joe didn't love her anymore. Once she had loved Joe, but she had reasoned with herself, coming to the conclusion that she couldn't possibly love him any longer, if he no longer loved her. He didn't fool her a bit when he came home from work, kissed her tenderly on the lips, declared his love for her, and asked, "what's for supper dear". And her thoughts thundered on.

No, Joe couldn't fool her any longer, and she couldn't put up with him when he was like this. That was why she had planned his fate during these last two years.

It had taken her two entire weeks to work out her plot, but it was well worth it; it was ingenious. Tonight would be the night — yes, her anger was aroused enough to give her the courage. The spilled glass of wine had done it, but it was all really Joe's fault. If she hadn't been thinking of him, she would not have dropped the goblet.

What she would do when Joe was gone, she had not thought about yet, but she was assured that he must be assassinated. The remainder of the afternoon, Lucy spent sitting on the sofa in the living room, gloating over her foolproof plan.

Late in the afternoon Lucy was startled away from her dreamy gloating by

the rumbling, bass voice that she knew to belong to Joe. "Lucy, are you here?"

Lucy, always the dutiful wife, ran out to meet Joe in the vestibule.

Joe, as was his custom, grasped Lucy in his arms, kissed her tenderly, then held her out at arm's length, gazing appraisingly at her slim, sleek figure. "You know, Lu," he said, "I've decided to go out and celebrate tonight. You've been working hard lately. You could use a break in the routine. We both could."

Lucy was startled. This could ruin everything. "Oh no Joe," she blurted, "we can't do that."

"Why not?" he replied, "we both deserve it, and I promise not to spend too much."

"No," Lucy was definite.

Joe didn't understand; she had never before objected to a small celebration. She had enjoyed them once. He frowned, attempting to puzzle together the enigma of a woman's mind. Finally he grinned and assuming a childish manner, asked, "Why not, Lu?"

"Well," she stammered. She tried to smile. "Well Joe, tonight is special. I want to stay at home."

He noticed the tiny trace of a far-away glint in Lucy's eyes. "Okay," he shrugged, "you're the boss."

Lucy was overjoyed. You see, she thought, now I've really caught him. He doesn't care, and he won't argue because he's done something he thinks I don't know about.

Joe passed by Lucy and entered the living room. She had been acting strange lately, but he had not thought it to be anything serious. She was naturally upset about being incapable of childbirth. Oh well, things like that will heal in time, he thought.

Lucy made straightaway for the kitchen. She began to prepare the evening meal. This was done unconsciously, automatically, while her devious mind pored carefully over and over her precious plan. The plan was completely undetectable, that is, if all should go well. Lucy was certain that all would go well.

The evening meal was a simple one, consisting of two large, minute steaks, skinless, boiled potatoes, coe slaw and bread and butter. Joe ate heartily of the wholesome food, helping himself to extra potatoes and smearing them with butter. This was Joe's kind of food. He enjoyed it more than anything fancy that one might eat in a hotel or restaurant. Simple, clean and tasty, it was a good meal.

Upon finishing, Joe smiled at Lucy as it to say: same old Lu. Still knows what Joe likes and how to cook it. Joe then dragged himself out of the chair and into the living room. He slumped down into his favorite chesterfield chair and picked up his novel. He had left the novel on the coffee table the previous evening. The place was marked where he had left off. Joe began to read. He was unconscious of Lucy, who was clearing the dishes from the table in the adjoining room. Had he been listening, he would have known that she was much gayer that she had been before supper. She was singing gayly.

Lucy was working very swiftly at clearing the table. Everything was developing according to her plan. She was overjoyed by the thought of putting this one over on Joe. She sang a very light and happy tune. Joe couldn't fool Lucy; no he couldn't fool her, she knew; but she was really going to fool

him. Lucy took the dirty dishes out to the kitchen. She began to wash them.

Joe was deeply engrossed in his novel. It was an exotic mystery. All was well.

Lucy crept stealthily to the kitchen cupboard. She reached up to the second shelf and took a tiny bottle out of the nutmeg jar. She poured a small dose of the crystal liquid into a clean glass. She looked at the glass and smiled impishly. The liquid could hardly be noticed, even at such close range. Joe would never see it.

From the kitchen, Lucy walked through the dining room and into the living room. She took the bottle of scotch whiskey down from the mantle. Opening the bottle, she peered at Joe to see if he suspected anything. She smiled. Joe hadn't noticed a thing. Lucy poured an ounce or two into the glass. She then replaced the bottle in its proper place and carried the glass and contents across the room to where Joe was sitting. This was a nightly ritual with the Beals.

Lucy then returned to the mantle where she poured herself a tiny goblet of rich madeira. She carried her drink over to the divan on the left of Joe. Everything was going according to plan.

Lucy sipped at her wine. Stealthily, she peered out of the corner of her eye at Joe. He was still reading intently. "HUM-Ahem," she pretended to clear her throat in an attempt to divert Joe's attention.

Annoyed, Joe turned from his novel and glanced momentarily at Lucy. He in her hand. He turned to the other side and saw his draught of whiskey sitting on the coffee table. His hand noticed that she had her goblet of wine

reached out and picked the small glass from the table. He lifted it slowly to his lips — but something was strange. He had a feeling that there was something wrong. He noticed that Lucy was straining in an attempt to watch him. He also noticed that she did not want him to know that she was watching. This was completely unnerving. Joe turned about until he was looking directly at Lucy. She lowered her eyes, looking into her goblet. Then she lifted the goblet to her lips, looking over and through the goblet at him.

Joe looked at his whiskey. He studied it for a long time. He looked back at Lucy.

Lucy was studying a magazine. Never before had she the patience to sit for two seconds with a magazine. Something was radically wrong. Joe shrugged. He looked again at his whiskey. He studied it for a long while, then picked it up slowly. He took his usual, tiny, testing taste and immediately replaced the glass. Joe gazed at the glass for a long time. He was worried; hurt down deep inside.

Joe couldn't believe it. He gazed sadly at the amber fluid, then slowly lifted his eyes to Lucy.

For a moment Lucy was nervous. Something was wrong. Things were not proceeding according to plan. She began to fidget.

Joe stared hard at his glass. A warm, bitter tear began to form in the corner of his eye, but he quickly caught it before it could stream down his cheek. Joe heaved a heavy sigh; his shoulders slouched; his face sagged, and all at once, the years showed their toll. He was weary; not from work or lack of sleep, but from a feeling of futility.

Joe forced a smile upon his haggard face. He spoke quietly: "Lucy dear, would you please put a little more whiskey in my glass? Maybe that will make it taste better."

This was not right. It was definitely not according to plan. Lucy began to worry. Perhaps she had done something wrong. "Yes Joe," she mumbled her reply, which was dry and crackling until it broke into a frightful, shrill falsetto.

Swiftly, she crossed to the mantle. She lifted the bottle down and very nervously poured two additional ounces into Joe's glass. For a moment she was afraid to turn around and face Joe, but soon she was over this. She turned slowly. She did not want him to suspect. Slowly, deliberately, she crossed to where Joe sat. She handed Joe the glass, all the while looking straight into his eyes for some sign of recognition. Lucy then retreated to her divan where she sat tense and expectant, like a coiled snake awaiting the tiniest movement before striking.

Joe looked in Lucy's direction. All that he saw was a blur. He smiled a weak, wan smile that was more like a contorted grimace of pain. His face looked older. It looked very tired. All emotions seemed to have suddenly vanished from him. "I'm sorry Lu," he said softly, as he looked dully down at the carpeted floor. "I really am sorry. I thought we could make a go of it. I guess I was wrong."

Without another sound, Joe lifted the glass to his parted lips, tilted his head back and gulped down the poison polluted whiskey. He closed his tired eyes and waited as he felt the warm liquid trickling into his stomach. □

SOIL SURVEY

The Diamond staff was recently advised by its good friend and eminent foreign correspondent Mr. Lex Schrag to improve the contents of the magazine. This could be done, Mr. Schrag suggested, by getting out and digging up some news. He also made a facetious reference to a soil analysis, never in all probability thinking that we might venture upon such an expedition.

The seed, however, was firmly planted and the staff became quite intrigued with the idea of conducting their own, private geological expedition. The first step necessary to the success of the expedition was to acquire the required implements. None of our worthy staff members had the faintest idea what implements might be needed, but during a preliminary scouting tour, we discovered a momentarily unattached shovel and a rake which seemed lonesome. We immediately decided that these were scientific implements which would prove invaluable to our expedition and we borrowed them.

Then came the difficult phase of our work. The question of where to excavate was brought up and for several minutes we burdened our brains in search of an answer. Finally, one of the more nimble of wit suggested that the baseball diamond might be the proper site to accommodate us. We solemnly deliberated on this suggestion for two seconds, and agreed.

Everything was progressing accordingly until the question of who would carry the tools arose. This caused immediate dissension. There were threats, arguments, plots, counterplots, and finally a deep provocative silence.

At the very moment when we were beginning to despair, an eager cub reporter tapped meekly at the door. The mischievous glint that was ignited in our eyes was evidence enough, that we were all in agreement.

"Aha," declared 507375143-6 jumping excitedly from his perch. "just the man to accompany us on this hazardous expedition."

With that, we shoved the rake and shovel into the cubby's awaiting arms, and the expedition was officially underway.

Surprisingly enough, we arrived safely at the ball diamond without the slightest mishap. We immediately commenced to analyse the soil. Our official findings were that the soil on the Collin's Bay ball diamond is rich, dark brown, damp and Canadian. It feels very much like dirt, turns to mud when saturated and tastes terrible. We also found that, while the soil does not mind being disturbed, the ball players become frantically perturbed. They refused to let us on the diamond again.

THE

Silver Screen

Few places can lay claim to the fact that the local movies have been relatively unaffected by the sister media, television. Collin's Bay, however, is one such place. Weekly, during the winter months, over ninety percent of the population "get more out of life" — and go to the movies.

As in the past, only the very best products available have been booked for *your* enjoyment. "The Guns of Navarone", "Ben Hur" and "Spartacus" are now on order, but it is quite possible that their 16MM release will be delayed until 1962-63. However, other great attractions have been solidly booked.

Action lovers will find much to interest them in Otto Preminger's "EXODUS". Taken from the novel by Leon Uris, the story deals with one of the most daring episodes in modern history, as Israel fought for independence. Action of a less sophisticated nature will be found in John Wayne's "NORTH TO ALASKA". That's gold in them thar hills.

Westerns, always a favourite here, will be headed by two of the most spectacular epics ever filmed. The first, "THE ALAMO", starring John Wayne and Lawrence Olivier, has been slated for Xmas; while the second, Marlon Brando's "ONE-EYED JACKS" will come later in the season. The latter feature ran an unprecedented 36 hours before the editors went to work and chopped it down to two hours and twenty minutes. It will be interesting

to see just what is left. Other "horsers" of interest are: "LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL" with Kirk Douglas, and "TWO RODE TOGETHER" with James Stewart doing the lead.

Academy Award films are always popular here, and this season should prove no different. Elizabeth Taylor's "BUTTERFIELD 8" has been criticized by the experts, but Liz scooped her award with this vehicle, and who cares what the critics say?? Lawrence's "SONS AND LOVERS", last year's winner is a classic piece of drama that most, though not all, will enjoy.

Frank Sinatra will drop in on us two or three times this year. First, we will meet him as a down-and-out night club singer in "PAL JOEY". Next, Frankie plays a character everyone will like: Danny Ocean in "OCEAN'S 11", a little tale about the night Danny and his pals "blew the lights in Vegas". And finally he appears in the thriller "DEVIL AT FOUR O'CLOCK" with Spencer Tracy.

"THE FACTS OF LIFE" with Bob Hope and Lucille Ball will head the comedy portion of our "show season". A close second will be Rossalind Russell's "AUNTIE MAME", a film we have been trying to get for three years. "THE GRASS IS GREENER", starring Bob Mitchum and a pack of others, will also be enjoyed by everyone. And our drinking friend, Dean Martin, comes up with a real good one: "ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK" with Shirley MacLean.

The above features do not represent the entire 1961-62 programme, but they do serve to illustrate the nature and quality of films you can expect to see this year.

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Gentlemen:

Please send one year's subscription of the Diamond to the following address:

Mrs. Helen Office,
1866 Dunn St.,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

This lady, who is my sister, was visiting with us and she read two copies of the Diamond. She was very thrilled with it. We also like the Diamond, but why haven't we received one for such a while?

Good Luck to all of you
Mrs. Sam McLean.

Editor's Note: We have been having some difficulty getting the Diamond printed lately, but we will try to remedy this in the future — if possible.

Dear Sir,

I have just received a complimentary copy of the Diamond. It is really good for a laugh and I thoroughly enjoyed it. You have won a subscriber in me.

Dear Editors;

I am constantly looking forward to receiving your delightful, little magazine. I am glad to see that you are all still gainfully employed and was particularly glad to hear that you received a raise in pay. I do feel, however, that it is my duty to warn you to be careful. Just think, now the government might expect you to do some work.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Elaine McCloskey

Dear Sirs,

I have just borrowed a copy of your magazine from my boss, who is a lawyer, and found it very interesting. I had no idea before, that there was such a magazine.

I'm sure that my husband, who is a sociology student at the University of Toronto will be equally interested, so please find enclosed \$1.00 for future issues of the Diamond.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. J. Sherman.